THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPHIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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TERMS OF THE VISITOR.

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Some sentiments in the following letter may perhaps be offensive to a few, wherefore those few are fraternally informed, that its author wishes not to plant the TREE OF LIBERTY, *but rather to root up the* briers & thorns *which have been nurtured by its fertilizing shade; that, henceforth, it may flourish fairer, and produce more desirable fruit.*

Friday, 24th February, 1809.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR first Number has politely paid me a visit, and I was well pleased with the style in which it was executed. The modesty and neatness of your "*Prospectus*," seem to augur well to the undertaking in which you have engaged, and lead one to ancipate "*The Visitor*" as a welcome guest. I observe that you preclude all "political and religious disquisitions." The effect of this will probably be, that the number of communications will be the smaller; but, as such things are generally conducted by your brethren of the type, you will have the satisfaction to believe, that it will be much better to have a chasm in any of your numbers, than to fill up a blank with such kind of productions. Every man in the State, and especially every printer, must needs be a politician, and if his own word were to be taken for it, one would conclude, that but for him the liberties of the country had been gone long ago. Not content with publishing such decent communications as may be sent to the Press, Mr. Printer fills up his columns with *original matter*, as he calls it, meaning, for the most part, I believe, his own editorial remarks. Such as differ with him in opinion, he denounces without mercy, and arraigns senators and judges before his high tribunal. Of such prodigious consequence is he, that he makes and unmakes Presidents at pleasure—but I beg pardon—I fear I am getting into politics, whereas my only design in this communication is to commend and justify your determination with respect to the forementioned disquisitions, from a consideration of the bad effects with which they are attended.

Your remark, that "heat and light are not more intimately combined" than "political information and genuine liberty," is very pretty, and just enough for what I know, especially in civilized life; but if subjects of this kind be so managed as that political *defamation* shall be substituted for the one, and licentiousness for the other, it were better that our flaming patriots should be as ignorant and as free as the untutored Indian. I readily admit the importance and advantage of real information upon any subject: yet when this is superficial, (as it must of necessity be in the mass of the people,) and every man considers and employs himself as a politician, many and great inconveniences will inevitably result. There will be a general exchange of character, and all for the worse. The man of law takes it into his head that he ought to extend the sphere of his usefulness beyond the Bar; he impeaches his judge as a political heretic instead of defending his client, and pronounces what the law should be without respecting it as it is. The doctor, when he should be counting the beats of his patient's pulse, is administering his nostrums to the Body Politic. The farmer, in place of following his plough, is anticipating a harvest of fame as the fruit of his political labors. The politician of the *Last* is busily employed in cobbling up Constitutions to the great disappointment of his customers, and the tailor, instead of his goose, thinks the public good requires that he should brandish his goose's quill. To the Press they all resort, to the manifest injury of their professional business, and may be truly said to "disquiet themselves in vain."—There they impatiently wait for their turn for publication, as mill-boys do for the grinding of their corn. In the mean time, it is amusing to see the notes of a political editor to his several correspondents, the substance of which is, that their valuable productions shall see the light as soon as the Press is delivered of its present burden. The consequence of all this is, that the good people are perplexed and bewildered by the multiplicity and contradictions of these political champions. But this is not the worst. Every well disposed man who reads the newspapers, cannot but regret what we call the liberty of the Press, when he observes how invariably it happens, that political controversies terminate in personal abuse. I have seen many a spirited contest between 'Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee,' when it was evident to every body but the two patriots themselves, that neither of them was on the right side.—Yet they assail each other with the most ardent zeal, as if the fate of the world depended on the event of their important controversy: and what they lack of information or argument they are sure to make up, on both sides, by an abundance of invective. It would be needless to give examples of this: they must be familiar to every one that reads the papers. There is a mistake however, that these writers sometimes fall into, which is diverting enough. You know they generally come forth under high sounding, fictitious titles, and then the first thing is, by many shrewd conjectures and insinuations, to ascertain what may be the proper name of the author. He is assured that he need not "think to keep himself concealed," that he is "already known," &c. They give such hints as to the person intended, that many a poor, luckless reader is surprised and alarmed at finding himself threatened with a "political drubbing," or perhaps a pistol, for a publication of which he was as innocent as a child, and had never so much as seen.

I need scarcely add, that the factions into which the country is split, and the noise and confusion with which it is distracted, are the effect of this wretched management of political disquisitions. These are sometimes undertaken by boys, who are also the foremost in all public meetings, and even in the Assembly of the State, to the utter contempt of the good old fashioned maxim, that children should be "seen and not heard." Age and experience are set at nought; men of the fairest character and the most useful talents are denounced to the public, private friendships are discarded, confidence amongst neighbors gives way to jealousy and suspicion, and even domestic peace and concord fly their once happy abode. Parental affection, indeed, still remains, but, alas! it is no longer requited by filial piety. On such conditions as these may I never be a politician.

As to "religious disquisitions," it is unnecessary to say much, as the same remarks are applicable to them as to those which I have already considered. It can escape no man's observations, however, that when they take a wrong turn, or are carried on with an improper temper, they are the worst of all. When in the heat of controversy, zeal for religion degenerates, as it too often does, into a zeal for a party, it renders the Church on Earth, on which charity should abide, a "Church Militant," indeed. In such a case no spectacle is so unseemly and distressing to a good man, as that which it exhibits. To see the Lamb converted into a Tyger; to see the professing disciples of Him who was "meek and lowly," worrying one another with "wrath and bitterness—Oh! it is a "sight unholy." Your, &c.

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

Relief often comes too late to those who from easy circumstances have sunk into the vale of misfortune.

Those who are the least able to struggle with misery are generally the most industrious to conceal it.

A man knows the way to happineſs if he knows and governs himſelf.

It is one of the privileges of the virtuous to make the paſt and future equally delightful: the one by remembrance, the other by hope.

There is not a more cruel, or a more common diſtemper, than diſcontent with our own ſituation.

The dictates of reaſon and judgment, if deſpiſed at the moment, return at a diſtant day to remind us of neglected friendſhip.

The eye of misfortune is often jaundiced by the apprehenſion of evils never meditated.

There are various ſcenes of miſery; but the truly miſerable are generally thoſe who have moſt contributed to it themſelves.

Merit is diſtinguiſhed by modeſty; which is of ſo rare a quality that it often recommends the advancement of another when itſelf ſtands moſt in need of it.

A deſire of popularity often miſleads the beſt abilities: characters of this deſcription need not expect praiſe from poſterity. Z.

True ſocial pleaſure, in friendſhip, is founded on unlimited confidence, congeniality of ſentiment, and mutual eſteem. E.

ON EDUCATION.

BY —— PRATT.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

There are, doubtleſs, ſome conſtitutions ſo adapted by nature to virtue, that no troubles, ſituatians, nor temptations, can ſubdue or extirpate their amiable propenſities—but ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a character takes its bias and bearing from mere tuition, and the line it is either led or thrown into in the firſt ſtage of the human journey. If there be *no* innate ideas, it follows that the mind of every new-born babe is equally pure. If there *be* thoſe infantine ſeeds of the underſtanding and little embrios of intellect—they are eaſily turned into what channel the parent thinks proper; ſo that I cannot but think the father of a family one of the moſt awful charges on earth.

It is admitted, that many children are unlike their parents both good and bad; yet you will obſerve, where the notions of parents and children are diſſimilar, the diſſimilitude ariſes rather from difference of age, or improper culture than any thing elſe; in general children are not liker in features than habits, and family *minds* are as often tranſmitted as family *faces*: there is a tractability in youth which receives, like ſnow, every impreſſion; and it is almoſt as difficult to eraſe the impreſſion of one as the other. If a ſon be trained up early to decency of manners, and have the example of dignity living and moving before his eyes (unleſs his temper be particularly untoward) he will turn out an elegant character. If he be trained up in different principles, he will act accordingly: the hoyden and the prude, amongſt the other ſex, take not their tint of character one time in ten from nature, but from a neglect early to give them a proper idea of deportment. It may be oppoſed that very ſedate women have romping, runaway daughters, and very prudent fathers have very perverſe ſons. I mean to ſay no more than this, that, *generally* men and women act and think as they are taught whilſt they are only able to liſp out their meaning; that education will have ſome influence on the moſt abadoned; and that, on the whole, virtue and vice depend very eſſentially on our primary ſentiments and examples; which, whether good or ill, will eternally attend us in ſome meaſure, through all poſſible tranſitions, from the time we leave our cradles, to the time we ſhall be depoſited in our coffins.

Habit operates with equal energy on man and beaſt. Evidences of the fact appear continually. Caſts your eyes on that horſe now engaged in dutiful drudgery, and on the herds and flocks which are grazing or ſporting in the adjoining paſture; but we will confine ourſelves to our own ſpecies, which are certainly the moſt intereſting objects of ſpeculation. I was about to obſerve, that cuſtom has much to do with our characters. There are certain actions ſo naturally and palpably good or evil, that neither ſophiſtry nor ſlander, nor addreſs, can either injure, mend, or mar them. To queſtion the light at noon day, or the dark in the zenith of the night, would argue a malady beyond madneſs: ſo in like manner to diſpute, whether downright wickedneſs *be* wickedneſs, and evident excellence *be* excellence, would be a lunacy in ethicts, ſo abſurd, that the peotical frenzy of poor Lee would be cool argument to it—on the other hand, if you live and mix long with mankind, you will find many of your fellow-creatures, pining away exiſtence under the laſhes---the bleeding laſhes of reproach, merely becauſe it is the cuſtom to call one thing right and another wrong, without tracing either to the bottom. It is a maxim that the Vox Populi, is the Vox Dei---that "what every body ſays muſt be true." I know nothing ſo deſerving refutation as a collection of thoſe old ſaws and proverbs, which, acquiring force from antiquity, and eſtimation from ruſt---for there are virtuoſos in letters, as well as in coins---are at length conſidered as utterly inconteſtible. Now, certain I am, that on an examination into thoſe very maxims we put ſo much credit in, ſome will turn out futile, ſome diſputable, and many unfaithful.---This is not a place for minute ſcrutinies, it will be ſufficient to look into *that* I have juſt mentioned, and there is none more implicitly believed. "What every body ſays muſt be true." I have ſeen many inſtances to diprove this; I will recur to one only which is uppermoſt in my memery. A young gentleman of my particular acquaintance, has for ſome time been deſerted by his old companions, and branded as a man of unſteady principles, whoſe heart I know to abound with all thoſe ſenſibilities which hurried him into the vortex of liberality, till he has become an object of liberality himſelf. He has thoſe glowing feelings and ſentiments which do at once honor and ſervice to human nature: notwithſtanding which, embarraſſments have beſet him, and and the world ſets him down as an *undone* man. The world gets hold of a prejudice, and then it is called Vox Dei. The Vox Populi, is given as the ſentiment of *every body*, and thus many reputations are miſtaken and miſrepreſented, which deſerve a better fate. There are various perſons likewiſe particularly reprobated for a fewindelicate conceſſions to which neceſſity may, in violence of their better judgements, have conſtrained them to yield, who, had they poſſeſſed happier circumſtamces. would have made a much more reſpectable figure than thoſe who now mark them with infamy. There is one cruelty in the Vox Populi, which is certainly againſt every notion of the Vox Dei. It is the cuſtom to abandon the weakeſt part of our ſpecies to *that* ruin which the artifices of our ſex have perpetrated: nor can any future repentance remove the ſenſe of their error, or reſtore them to the boſoms of more fortunate women:

"*They ſet like ſtars to riſe no more.*"

I had a wife, with whom I mourned many years. She died of a broken heart. We had an only child taken from us; robbed of her by a man we held near our hearts. It was my inceſſant buſineſs for five years to recover our darling---but in vain. My wife fell into a deep and rapid conſumption---ſhe grew weaker every hour. We received, by a ſpecial meſſenger, a packet, from our beloved miſguided, repenting wanderer! She had thrown the pathetic parts of her ſtory into poetry. We received, at the ſame time, an atteſted account that our child was under the protection of that inſtitution which offers an aſylum to inſulted penitence. My wife had only power to preſs the paper, trembling, to her boſom. She feebly lifted her eyes to heaven ---and died! "*Liberal Opinions.*"

HENRY FITZOWEN.

A TALE.

(Continued from our laſt.)

When the agitation of his frame, however, had ſomewhat ſubſided, he again drew near, and, lifting the maſſy knocker, was going to ſtrike, when the gate yielded to the impulſe, being left a little open, a circumſtance which its ſable covering, and the momentary light of heaven, had not before given him an opportunity of perceiving. He now, therefore, entered the outer ballium, and was ſlowly and cautiouſly proceeding, when a deep groan, as from one in acute pain, ſtruck his ear, and the lightning, at that inſtant, glancing acroſs him, he beheld the ground moiſtened with blood, and two of his ſervants ſtretched dead at his feet. A ſight ſo ſhocking, fixed him for ſome moments to the ſpot, but the groan being repeated, he ſtarted, and advanced to the place whence it iſſued, when a voice, whoſe tones he well recollected as thoſe of an old and faithful domeſtic, in tremulous accents implored his mercy. Henry, to the infinite joy of the poor man, immediately diſcovered himſelf, and, impatient to learn the cauſe of events ſo horrible, urged him to an explanation. Faint, however, with the loſs of blood, racked with pain, and overwhelmed with the moſt tumultuous ſenſations on recognizing his beloved maſter, he was unable to articulate a word, but graſping Henry's hand, as he

ſtooped to aſſiſt him, he preſſed it with convulſive energy, and, uttering a deep ſigh, reclined upon his maſter, and expired.

The moſt acute anguiſh now ſeized the unhappy Henry, who called down the bitterest imprecations on the author of his misfortunes; but conſcious that all now depended upon his perſonal activity, and tortured with anxiety for thoſe he held moſt dear, he once more endeavored to proceed, for the darkneſs was ſo profound, that, except when the lightning ſtreamed, not a ſingle object could be diſcerned. From his knowledge of the place, however, he contrived to paſs into the inner ballium, and then ſoon reaching the keep, entered his great hall, which he found completely deſerted, not a ſingle being returning his repeated calls; yet at intervals he thought he could diſtinguiſh low groans, which ſeemed to iſſue from a conſiderable diſtance. Croſſing the hall he now aſcended the winding ſtaircaſe, and, having attained the gallery, perceived a light which glimmered through the crevice at the bottom of the door, and making the caſtle again re-echo with the names of Adeline and Clara, was at laſt anſwered by the ſhrill tones of the women, who, with rapture almoſt too great for utterance, had now, for the firſt time, recollected his voice. Ruſhing to the door, therefore, he made every exertion to open it, but the lock being ſtrong and maſſy, it reſiſted, for ſome time, his utmoſt efforts, though aſſiſted by thoſe within. At length, however, it did yield, and, the next moment, Clara Fitzowen was in his arms; but in vain did he look round for Adeline, and dreading even the reſult of inquiry, ſank into a chair, ſilent, and racked with anxiety and diſappointment; a few minutes, however, gave him the information he apprehended, for her mother, in an agony of diſtreſs, which drew tears from all preſent, ſoon accounted for the loſs of her beloved child.

It appeared from her relation that, about the duſk of the evening, a party of armed men, their features concealed in maſks, had ſurprized the caſtle, a circumſtance of eaſy occurrence when no hoſtile attempt was ſuſpected, and entering the great hall, where the females were then aſſembled, ſeized upon Adeline, and were forcing her away, when ſome of the ſervants interfered, and a ſevere ſtruggle took place, but which, as the ruffians were prepared for oppoſition ſoon terminated in their favor. They then bound the men they had ſubdued, and threw them into the dungeon of the keep, and compelling the women, and their ſervants, to go up ſtairs, locked them in an inner room, though with a light, and carried off Adeline in triumph.

This event, though it had frequently occurred to the mind of Henry ſince his approach to the caſtle, yet now that it was fully aſcertained, occaſioned him as much diſtreſs as if it had not been for a moment apprehended. As, ſoon, however, as the violence of his emotion had, in ſome degree, abated, he accuſed Walleran as the author of the atrocious deed, and propoſed an immediate expedition to, and attack upon his caſtle; then preſently recollecting the dreadful ſcenes he had witneſſed at the great gate, he requeſted an explanation of his ſiſter; but Clara being totally ignorant of the circumſtances he alluded to, he lighted a torch, and deſcended to releaſe his ſervants from their dungeon, which he effected through the medium of a private paſſage, the principal entrance being left too ſecure for his efforts to overcome. He found ſeveral of them wounded, but ſo rejoiced at ſeeing their maſter again, that for ſome minutes they completely forgot their ſituation and ſufferings. Many, however, were ſtill abſent; and he learnt that while thoſe who had been confined were ſtill contending with the villians, a party of their fellow ſervants had gone round to ſecure the great gate, but of their fate they knew nothing. Henry now requeſting thoſe who were able, to follow him, procured ſome more torches, and iſſued forth to ſearch the outer ballium. Here weltering in their blood were found ſlain the two men whom he had ſeen by the glare of the lightning, and, a little further, his old ſteward who had expired in his arms. Cloſe by the gate, alſo wounded, and on the ground, they diſcovered the porter and his aſſiſtant; theſe on receiving ſome refreſhment, and due attention to their injuries, ſpeedily revived, and had ſoon ſtrength enough to inform Henry, that when the ſtruggle commenced in the great hall, they had flown to the ſupport of their friends, but perceiving it would be vain to continue the conteſt without better arms, then with three or four others, ſeparated to procure them, and to ſecure the great gate and barbacan, which, in their hurry and alarm, they had left open and unguarded. Hither, however, they had not arrived many moments before the ruffians, having ſubdued oppoſition in the hall, approached with the unhappy Adeline, whoſe prayers and entreaties were in vain addreſſed to beings who knew no touch of pity. A ſevere engagement now took place, but the numbers proving very unequal, and themſelves and their companions ſhortly either wounded or ſlain, the villians, with their helpleſs charge, paſſed on, nor could it be aſcertained in what direction they travelled. The porter, however, it ſeems, had ſufficient ſtrength remaining to crawl to the lodge, where ſeizing the black mantle, the omen of diſaſter, he had juſt power to ſuſpend it on the gate, and then dropt exhauſted by its ſide. This he did, with a view to alarm any paſſenger, or pilgrim, who might in the morning be journeying that way, and induce him to inquiry, and the offer of aſſiſtance.

The thunder had by this time paſſed off; twilight began to dawn, and Henry, notwithſtanding the fatigues of the preceding day, determined to puſh forward immediately to the caſtle of Walleran, and in hopes of taking him by ſurpriſe. Accordingly, arming thoſe of his ſervants who had not been injured in the previous conteſt, and intruſting the wounded to the care of the women, he clothed himſelf in mail, and mounting a freſh ſteed, reached the magnificent halls of Walleran in little more than an hour. Here, however, to his great diſappointment, he learnt, that Walleran had not returned from the chaſe, but that about two hours after noon, a man, who to them was a ſtranger, and mounted on a horſe bathed in foam, had arrived to ſay, that the Earl would not reviſit his caſtle for ſome weeks, but refuſed to give them any information with regard to his preſent place of reſidence.

Henry, oppreſſed in body and mind, now ſlowly returned to Ruydvelen, pondering on the plan he ſhould purſue; and on his arrival at the caſtle, haſtened to conſult his ſiſter, and the mother of his Adeline.

(To be continued.)

Biography.

Account of Catharina Alexowna, Empreſs of Ruſſia.

The modeſt virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more ſerviceable in life than petticoated philoſopers, bluſtering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her huſband and children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies deſcribed in romance, whoſe whole occupation is to murder mankind with ſhafts from their quiver, or their eyes.

Women, it has been obſerved, are not formed for great cares themſelves, but to ſoften ours. Their tenderneſs is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preſervation; and the eaſe and cheerfulneſs of their converſation, our deſirable retreat from the fatigues of intenſe application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domeſtic aſſiduity; and when they ſtray beyond them, they move beyond their ſphere, and conſequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjuſtly diſpenſed among the female ſex:---thoſe who leaſt deſerved to be remembered meet our admiration and applauſe; while many, who have been an honor to humanity, are paſſed over in ſilence. Perhaps no age has produced ſtronger inſtances of miſplaced fame than the preſent: the Semiramis and the Thaleſtris of antiquity, are talked of, while modern characters, infinitely greater than either, are unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heireſs to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, ſhe lived with her aged mother in their cottage, covered with ſtraw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands, ſhe ſupported her parent, who was now incapable of ſupporting herſelf. While Catharina ſpun, the old woman would ſit by, and read ſome book of devotion; thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would ſit down contentedly by their fire ſide, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant feſtivity.

Though her face and perſon were models of perfection, yet her whole attention ſeemed beſtowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran miniſter inſtructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furniſhed her not only with a ſtrong, but a right underſtanding. Such truly female accompliſhments procured her ſeveral ſolicitations of marriage from the peaſants of the country; but their offers were refuſed: for ſhe loved her mother too tenderly to think of a ſeparation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died: ſhe now, therefore, left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran miniſter, by whom ſhe had been inſtructed from her childhood. In this houſe ſhe reſided, in quality of governeſs to his children: at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with ſurpriſing vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her inſtructed in dancing and muſic, by the maſters who attended the reſt of his family. Thus ſhe continued to improve, till he died; by which accident ſhe was once more reduced to priſtine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time waſted by war, and lay in a miſerable ſtate of deſolation:---thoſe calamities are ever moſt heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though poſſeſſed of ſo many accompliſhments, experienced all the miſeries of hopeleſs indigence. Proviſions becoming every day more ſcarce, and her private ſtock being entirely exhauſted, ſhe reſolved at laſt to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her ſcanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, ſhe ſet out on her journey, on foot. She was to walk through a region miſerable by nature, but rendered ſtill more hideous by the Swedes and Ruſſians, who as each happened to become maſters, plundered it at diſcretion: but hunger had taught her to deſpiſe the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as ſhe had entered a cottage by the way-ſide, to take her lodging for the night, ſhe was inſulted by two Swediſh ſoldiers, who inſiſted upon *qualifying her*, as they termed it, *to follow the camp*; they might probably, have carried their inſults into violence, had not a ſubaltern officer, accidentally paſſing by, come in to her aſſiſtance. Upon his appearing, the ſoldiers immediately deſiſted; but her thankfulneſs was hardly greater than her ſurpriſe, when ſhe inſtantly recollected, in her deliver, the ſon of the Lutheran miniſter, her former inſtructor, benefactor and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catharina: the little ſtock of money ſhe had brought from home was by this time quite exhauſted: her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to ſatisfy thoſe who had entertained her in their houſes: her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could ſpare, to buy her clothes, furniſhed her with an horſe, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father, and ſuperintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful ſtranger had only to appear, to be well received: ſhe was immediately admitted into the ſuperintendant's family, as a governeſs to his two daughters; and though yet but ſeventeen, ſhewed herſelf capable of inſtructing her ſex, not only in virtue, but politeneſs. Such was her good ſenſe and beauty, that her maſter himſelf in a ſhort time offered her his hand, which to his great ſurpriſe ſhe thought proper to refuſe. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, ſhe was reſolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had loſt an arm, and was otherwiſe diſfigured by wounds, in the ſervice.

In order, therefore, to prevent further ſolicitations from others, as ſoon as the officer came to town upon duty, ſhe offered him her perſon, which he accepted with tranſport; and their nuptials were ſolemnized as uſual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be ſtriking: the very day on which they were married, the Ruſſians laid ſiege to Marienburgh: the unhappy ſoldier had now no time to enjoy the well-earned pleaſure of matrimony; he was called off, before conſummation, to an attack, from which he was never after ſeen to return.

In the mean time, the ſiege went on with fury, aggravated on one ſide by obſtinacy, on the other ſide by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time, was truly barbarous; the innocent peaſant and the harmleſs virgin often ſhared the fate of the ſoldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by aſſault; and ſuch was the fury of the aſſailants, that not only the garriſon, but almoſt all the inhabitants, men, women and children, were put to the ſword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but ſtill was free; ſhe was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a ſlave; in this ſituation, however, ſhe behaved with piety and humility; and, though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet ſhe was cheerful. The fame of her merit and reſignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Ruſſian general; he deſired to ſee her, was ſtruck with her beauty, bought her from the ſoldier her maſter, and placed her under the direction of his own ſiſter. Here ſhe was treated with all the reſpect which her merit deſerved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this ſituation, when Peter the Great paying the Prince a viſit, Catharina happened to come in with ſome dry fruits, which ſhe ſerved round with peculiar modeſty. The mighty monarch ſaw, and was ſtruck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful ſlave, aſked her ſeveral queſtions, and found her underſtanding even more perfect than her perſon.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of intereſt; he was now reſolved to marry purſuant to his own inclinations.—He immediately inquired the hiſtory of the fair Livonian, who was not eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obſcurity, through all the viciſſitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all.—The meaneſs of her birth was no obſtruction to his deſign; their nuptials were ſolemnized in private; the Prince aſſuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the propereſt ladder to a throne.

A DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

Mount Etna, a volcano of Sicily, now called Gibel by the inhabitants. It is 63 miles in circumference at the baſe, and 10,954 feet in height: this mountain, famous from the remoteſt antiquity, both for its bulk and terrible eruptions, ſtands in the eaſtern part of the iſland, in a very extenſive plain. This ſingle mountain affords an epitome of the different climates throughout the whole world: towards the foot it is very hot: farther up, more temperate; and grows gradually more and more cold the higher we aſcend. At the very top, it is perpetually covered with ſnow; from thence the whole iſland is ſupplied with that article, ſo neceſſary in hot climates.

In the middle of the ſnowy regions ſtands the great *crater*, or mouth of Etna. It is a little mountain, about a quarter of a mile perpendicular, and very ſteep, ſituated in the middle of a greatly inclining plain, of about nine miles in circumference. It is entirely formed of ſtones and aſhes; which, as Mr. Hamilton was informed by ſeveral people of Catania, had been thrown up 25 or 30 years before the time (1766) he viſited Mount Etna. In the middle of the little mountain is a hollow, about 20 miles and a half in circumference. It goes ſhelving down, from the top, like an inverted cone or funnel. In the middle of this funnel is the tremendous and unfathomable gulph, ſo much celebrated in all ages. From this gulph continually iſſue terrible and confuſed noiſes, which in eruptions are increaſed to ſuch a degree as to be heard at a prodigious diſtance. The firſt eruption of Etna, on record, is that mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, without fixing the period when it happened; but the ſecond, recorded by Thucydides, was in the year 734, B. C. From this period, to the year 1447, there were eighteen more eruptions. After this it ceaſed to emit fire near 90 years:---the next was in 1536; others followed in 1537. 1603 (which continued till 1636,) 1664 (which continued 14 years,) 1682, 1686, 1693, 1755, 1763, 1764, 1766, 1780, 1787, and 1794. Of all its eruptions, that of 1693 was the moſt terrible; it was attended with an earthquake that overturned the town of Catania, and buried 18,000 perſons in its ruins.---It is 10 miles weſt of Catania.

Criticism.

Epiſtles, Odes, and other Poems. By Thomas Moore, Eſq.

(Continued from our laſt.)

The reſerve in which women are educated; the natural vivacity of their imagination; and the warmth of their ſenſibility, renders them peculiarly liable to be captivated by the appearance of violent emotions, and to be miſled by the affectation of tenderneſs or generoſity. They eaſily receive any impreſſion that is made under the apparent ſanction of theſe feelings; and allow themſelves to be ſeduced into any thing, which they can be perſuaded is dictated by diſintered attachment, and ſincere and exceſſive love. It is eaſy to perceive how dangerous it muſt be for ſuch beings to hang over the pages of a book, in which ſupernatural raptures, and tranſcendent paſſion, are counterfeited in every page; in which, images of voluptuouſneſs are artfully blended with expreſſions of refined ſentiment, and delicate emotion; and the groſſeſt ſenſuality, is exhibited in conjunction with the moſt gentle and generous affections. They who have not learned from experience, the impoſſibility of ſuch a union, are apt to be captivated by its alluring exterior. They are ſeduced by their own ignorance and ſenſibility; and become familiar with the dæmon, for the ſake of the radiant angel to whom he has been linked by the malignant artifice of the Poet.

We have been induced to enter this ſtrong proteſt, and to expreſs ourſelves thus warmly againſt this and the former publications of this author, both from what we hear of the circulation which they have already obtained, and from our conviction that they are calculated, if not ſtrongly denounced to the public, to produce, at this moment, pecu-

liar and irremediable miſchief. The ſtyle of compoſition, as we have already hinted, is almoſt new in this country: it is leſs offenſive than the old faſhion of obſcenity; and for theſe reaſons, perhaps, is leſs likely to excite the ſuſpicion of the moraliſt, or to become the object of precaution to thoſe who watch over the morals of the young and inexperienced. We certainly have known it a permitted ſtudy, where performances, infinitely leſs pernicious, were rigidly interdicted.

There can be no time in which the purity of the female character can fail to be of the firſt importance to every community; but it appears to us, that it requires at this moment to be more carefully watched over than at any other; and that the conſtitution of ſociety has arrived among us to a ſort of criſis, the iſſue of which may be powerfully influenced by our preſent neglect or ſolicitude. From the increaſing diffuſion of opulence, enlightened, or polite ſociety is greatly enlarged, and neceſſarily becomes more promiſcuous and corruptible; and women are now beginning to receive a more extended education, to venture more freely and largely into the fields of literature, and to become more of intellectual and independent creatures, than they have yet been in theſe iſlands. In theſe circumſtances, it ſeems to be of incalculable importance, that no attaint ſhould be given to the delicacy and purity of their expanding minds; that their increaſing knowledge ſhould be of good chiefly, and not of evil; that they ſhould not conſider modeſty as one of the prejudices from which they are now to be emancipated; nor found any part of their new influence upon the licentiouſneſs of which Mr. Moore invites them to be partakers. The character and the morality of women exerciſes already a mighty influence upon the happineſs and the reſpectability of the nation; and it is deſtined, we believe, to exerciſe a ſtill higher one; but ſhould they ever ceaſe to be the pure, the delicate, and timid creatures that they now are---if they ſhould ceaſe to overawe profligacy, and to win and to ſhame men into decency, fidelity, and love of unſullied virtue---it is eaſy to ſee that this influence, which has hitherto been exerted to ſtrengthen and refine our ſociety, will operate entirely to its corruption and debaſement; that domeſtic happineſs and private honor will be extinguiſhed, and public ſpirit and national induſtry moſt probably annihilated along with them.

There is one other conſideration which has helped to excite our apprehenſion on occaſion of this particular performance. Many of the pieces are dedicated to perſons of the firſt conſideration in the country, both for rank and accompliſhments; and the author appears to conſider the greater part of them as his intimate friends, and undoubted patrons and admirers. Now, this we will confeſs is to us a very alarming conſideration. By theſe channels, the book will eaſily paſs into circulation in thoſe claſſes of ſociety, which it is of moſt conſequence to keep free of contamination; and from its reputation and its influence will deſcend with the greateſt effect to the great body of the community. In this reading and opulent country, there are no faſhions which diffuſe themſelves ſo faſt, as thoſe of literature and immorality: there is no palpable boundary between the *nobleſſe* and the *burgeoiſie*, as in old France, by which the corruption and intelligence of the former can be prevented from ſpreading to the latter. All the parts of the maſs, act and react upon each other with a powerful and unintermitted agency; and if the head be once infected, the corruption will ſpread irreſiſtibly through the whole body. It is doubly neceſſary, therefore, to put the law in force againſt this delinquent, ſince he has not only indicated a diſpoſition to do miſchief, but ſeems unfortunately to have found an opportunity.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Agricultural.

From the advantage of running ſheep in the Park, this farm has been brought ſurpriſingly forward, conſidering the ſhort time it has been cultivated; and a great part of it, which produced nothing but heath and moſs, and would have been dear at five ſhillings an acre to rent, now produces crops worth more than the original fee-ſimple of the land.

Brevity checks me from going farther into a general deſcription; but the following particulars may deſerve notice.

The comparative advantages of the labor of horſes and oxen have been for ſome time under the conſideration of the public. His majeſty has unqueſtionably tried the latter upon a larger ſcale than any other perſon, as he does not work leſs than one hundred and eighty oxen upon his different farms, parks, and gardens, and has found them to anſwer ſo well, that there is not now a horſe kept. Upon the two farms and the Great Park, two hundred are kept, including thoſe coming on and going off. Forty are bought in every year, riſing three years, and are kept as ſucceſſion oxen in the Park; one hundred and twenty are under work; and forty every year are fatted off, riſing ſeven years.

The working oxen are moſtly divided into teams of ſix, and one of the number is every day reſted, ſo that no ox works more than five days out of the ſeven. This day of eaſe in every week, beſides Sunday, is of great advantage to the animal, as he is found to do better with ordinary keep and moderate labor, than he would do with higher keep and harder labor. In ſhort, this is the firſt ſecret to learn concerning him; for an ox will not admit of being kept in condition like a horſe, artificially, by proportionate food to proportionate labor.

Theſe oxen are never allowed any corn, as it would prevent their fatting ſo kindly afterwards. Their food in ſummer is only a few vetches, by way of a bait, and the run of coarſe meadows, or what are called leaſows, being rough woody paſtures. In winter they have nothing but cut food, conſiſting of two thirds hay, and one third wheat-ſtraw; and the quantity they eat in twenty-four hours is about twenty-four pounds of hay and twelve of ſtraw: and on the days of reſt, they range as they like in the ſtraw-yards; for it is to be obſerved, that they are not to be confined to hot ſtables, but have open ſheds, under which they eat their cut provender, and are generally left to their choice to go in and out. Under this management, as four oxen generally plough an acre a day, and do other work in proportion, there can be no doubt but their advantage is very great over horſes, and the reſult to the public highly beneficial.

The oxen which are brought on in ſucceſſion, run the firſt ſummer in the Park, and in the leaſows and temporary ſtraw-yards in the winter; by which temporary ſtraw-yards, I would have it underſtood, that they are made in different places, ſo that the manure which they make may be as near to the ſpot where it is wanted as poſſible.

The forty oxen which go off are ſummered in the beſt paſture, and finiſhed with turnips the enſuing winter. The uſual way has been to draw the turnips, and to give them either ſtalled or in cribs placed in the yard, with plenty of ſtraw to browſe and lie upon; but laſt winter an experiment was tried, which anſwered extremely well, and will be again repeated next winter: this was, penning the oxen by day upon the turnip-land, in the manner that ſheep are penned, with this only difference, that the turnips were thrown up into cribs, inſtead of being left to be trodden into the ground: and in the nights they were driven into a yard, with a temporary ſhed well littered with ruſhes, fern and leaves, and turnips and barley ſtraw given to them in cribs. They thrived very faſt, and every one of them made at leaſt eight loads of good muck in the night-yard, beſides the benefit done in treading and dunging on the land in the day-time, which was very great, the ſoil being very light: the reſult of the ox ſyſtem is, that charging the ox for his agiſtment the firſt year, for the value of the graſs and turnips the laſt year, and putting what he has in three intermediate years as an equivalent for his labor, after every allowance for riſk, each ox will pay at leaſt twenty per cent. profit. In what inſtance does a horſe produce ſo much?

I do not allow that the ox can be uſed on all ſoils; upon a very ſtony ſoil he cannot: nor can the horſe in all places be wholly excluded from huſbandry; but every occupier of a large farm may at leaſt uſe ſome oxen to great advantage. They are worked at Windſor in collars, as their ſtep is found to be much more free than when coupled together with yokes; and they are found to do their work with much greater eaſe in collars than in yokes, which ought every where to be exploded.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Virginia Argus.

COMMUNICATION.

It has been recently diſcovered that the *Sweet Potatoe* cut in ſmall pieces and prepared in the ſame manner that we do Coffee, to be the beſt ſubſtitute for that article that has yet been diſcovered. I had ſome of my neighbors to breakfaſt with me a few days paſt, who unanimouſly agreed that it was not inferior. Should the friends of frugality think proper to try the experiment, no doubt but it will ſave many thouſand dollars, which are annually ſent off this continent for that article, and under the unpleaſant ſituation that we are placed in, I think the above merits the attention of the public.

February 10, 1809.

THE SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS EASY.

From the French of L'Abbe Aubert.

An Italian Biſhop ſtruggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much oppoſition in the diſcharge of his epiſcopal function, without ever betraying the leaſt impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired thoſe virtues which he thought it impoſſible to imitate, one day aſked the prelate if he could communicate the ſecret of being *always eaſy?* "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my ſecret, and with great facility: it conſiſts in nothing more than in making a right uſe of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himſelf. "Moſt willingly," returned the biſhop: "in whatever ſtate I am, I firſt of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal buſineſs here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how ſmall a ſpace I ſhall occupy in it, when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and obſerve what multitudes there are who in all reſpects are more unhappy than myſelf: thus I learn where true happineſs is placed, where all our cares muſt end, and how very little reaſon I have to repine or to complain."

ANECDOTE.

It is ſaid, that Conſtantius, the father of Conſtantine, finding when he came to the throne, a conſiderable number of Chriſtians in office at court, iſſued an edict, requiring them to renounce Chriſtianity, or quit their places. The far greater part of them readily and reſolutely gave up their employments and proſpects, in order to preſerve good conſciences; but a few cringed, and renounced Chriſtianity. When the emperor had thus made full proof of their diſpoſition, he turned out every one of thoſe who had complied, and took all the others in again, giving this as a reaſon for his conduct, that *thoſe who would not be true to Chriſt, would not be true to him.*

Humorous.

BALLOON INTELLIGENCE.

Dublin, Jan. 5.—Yeſterday being the day of all days, appointed to bleſs the longing eyes of the inhabitants of Dublin with a ſight of the moſt beautiful and moſt brilliant of all poſſible balloons; millions unnumbered, of men, women, children, infants of every age, gentle and ſimple, nobility and mobility, townſmen and gownſmen, wool ſcribblers and paper ſcribblers, captains of ſhips and captains of men, peace-officers and war-officers, cuſtom-houſe officers, counſellors and privy counſellors, gentlemen's gentlemen, and gentlemen at large, ladies of eaſy virtue, lords of no virtue, barbers and ſurgeons (for they are now divided) volunteers, lads of the bruſh and of the comb, ſheriffs, tarrers, featherers and attornies, all joined in proceſſion, to ſee the wonderful air balloon at Ranelagh.

How did they go? They went in coaches, on foot, on horſeback, in gigs, in jingles, in litters, in churns, in dancing maſter's deſobligeants, in ſedans, in low-back cars, in wheel-barrows, in bowl diſhes; they walked, ran, waded, flew, ſwam, puſhed on, and were puſhed on. Hackney coaches, from No. 317 down to No. 1, incluſive. No, not a cyclops was left in Dublin; trade ſtagnated, manufacturers ſtarved, lying-in women in vain called for aſſiſtance; payment was ſtopped at the banks and public offices, bankers and all, merchants and all, doctors and all, were gone to ſee the wonderful air balloon at Ranelagh!

Damme Jack, cries a wooden-leg'd ſailor, there's more fuſs about this *galleon* of theirs, than about any we took laſt war: I wiſh he'd launch her, and let's ſee her build. Oh! they're *tin plating* her, ſaid a brazier's apprentice: tin plating, ſaid the tar; damme, ſhe's going ſuch a voyage, ſhe ought to be copper-bottomed. Oh mother honey, has not he two balloons—Ho, you tooliſh child one's as good as fifty; oh then I would not give a fig for him if he has not two. Keep in here Tommy from the wet, under this gentleman's *numparel*, and I'll lift you up when it goes off. Well, I wiſh he'd take my huſband up with him, won't he go higher up, ſir, than *Lunacie* went in London? Ah then, Paddy, is it true that the balloon's full of nothing? Tut, you fool you, what would it be full of? Well, myſelf would not go up in it for my big-coat pocket full of guineas. Stand out of the way of that lad's *umberel*, Ned; but there's half a ſcore boys there above, down in the ditch, up to the middle in water. Thank God, my wife's in her bed in the fever, ſhe'd get her death of cold here in the ſlough. Oh, *tunder* alive, do you ſee *de* cooch-full coming away: ah, poor fellow, ſure his *blather*'s burſt. Trimcake, the baker, told me that as it was ſo wet, his garniſh would be all waſh'd off. Do Tom, *ax* Latin the ſchoolmaſter. My good people it's poſſible, he can't pump in his *infallible* air, his *gauze* will be too weak. Home, home ſays the boy, it's chriſtmas fools he's making of us, myſelf knew it would not do: is it that big fellow goes up in the air like a kite! Well, the devil go with this ſame Ranelagh, it's the ſureſt place in all chriſtendom for a drop of rain water. Come here child your poor duds are all wet, I wiſh you was taking a heat at the lime-kiln: my heavy curſe upon Croſbie and his air balloon, I ſay—Aye, and damn Holliſter, I ſay, for bringing down the rain on us.

But, ah! what pen, what gooſe-wing artillerry could do juſtice to the feelings of thoſe ennobled females, who honored this unfortunate exhibition with their preſence. The ſocieties of fair philoſophers (for philoſophy is now in faſhion) have loſt their favorite topic.—Have you ſeen the balloon at the Rotunda? Shant we ſee the balloon go up at Ranelagh? I ſhall be afraid to look at his balloon when he's mounting, was all the chit-chat of ten days paſt. Alas! dumb are thoſe mouths where ſilence ne'er reigned before. The children cried, for Croſbie's balloon could not aſcend; the miſſes tittered, for Croſbie's balloon could not aſcend; their mammas' ſcolded, for Croſbie's balloon could not aſcend. Some looked ſullen, ſome looked ſulky, ſome laughed, ſome ſighed, and all were affected: 438 titled ladies fainted, 78 miſcarried, nine of twins. Oh! Rutland, ſpeedily add an increaſe to the nobility, nor let the peerage of Ireland in the next generation ſuffer, becauſe Croſbie's balloon did not aſcend. Crack go the carriages, ſplaſh the horſemen, and coach meets coach and joſtles in the dirt. Nine men tranſfixed by the poles at the firſt news of the miſfortune, 1932 drowned in the mud, or overrun by wheels, 798 miſſing—dead—or dead drunk.

Mr. Forſter's carriage has got entangled with the ſpeaker's—Lord Earlsfort's has deranged the chancellor's. Confuſion; a worſe confounded! the ſecretary's wheel locked in with the Wicklow-ſtage—'Sdeath! Molyneux in the mud! Oh! patiotiſm, where are thy ſtuffs? Laugh, ye borough mongers; heaven has declared againſt innovation—Laugh ye rump and dozen citizens, who drown the morning in ſleep, the day in claret. Laugh ye phyſicians, at the balloon fever which this day's unfated curioſity has occaſioned. Croſbie's balloon could not aſcend; the multitude gazed without advantage; the nobles wiſhed without effect; they retreated in diſorder, not like the 10,000 under Xenephon, for Greece uſed no balloons, but following the balloon to the country where it firſt appeared, imitated the conduct of the king of France, whoſe 40,000 men, on a ſimilar occaſion,

'Went up the hill, and ſo came down again'

ANGLO FRENCH LETTER.

In the following letter every word is French, and yet a native of France would not be able to underſtand it. Our readers, we doubt not, will not only able to decypher it, but to enjoy the *jeu de mots.*

"Pre, dire ſiſtre, comme & ſe us, paſſe the dé here if yeux canne, & chat tu mi dame, & dine here; yeux mai have ſiche, mutin, porc, buter, foule, fruit, pigeon, olives, ſalette, for ure diner, & excellent te, cafe, port vin, & liqueurs; & tell ure bette and poli tu comme. But if yeux dont comme tu us, Ile go to ure houſe & ſee oncle, & ſe houe he does; for mi dame les he beant il: but doux comme mi dire, yeux canne ly here yeux nos. If yeux love muſique yeux mai have the harpe, lutte or viol here. Adieu, mi dire ſiſtre."

A Frenchman's Blunder.

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *preſs* made uſe of to imply *perſuade*, as, "preſs that gentleman to take ſome refreſhment," "preſs him to ſtay all night; thought he would diſplay his talents by uſing, what he imagined, a ſynonimous term; and therefore made no ſcruple one evening to cry out in company, "pray *ſqueeze* that lady to ſing."

Reply to an Auctioneer.

A tar, half-ſea over, ſwaggered into an auction room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out, two or three times, "who bids more than ninepence halfpenny?" aſked, "May we bid what we pleaſe?—"O yes," replied the ſeller, "any thing you pleaſe, ſir."—"Why then," ſaid Jack, "I bid you a good night and be d—d to you!

Summary of Intelligence.

Europe.——The King of Pruſſia has been obliged to deliver to the French his famous ſervice of gold; it was conveyed to Berlin under an eſcort of general Blucker's huſſars, called the "*Death's Head.*"

The King of Pruſſia by an ordinance dated the 20th of October, has prohibited all intercourſe with Spain and Portugal, and ordered all ſhips arriving from thoſe countries, to be ſeized and confiscated.

A letter from Cadiz, dated, Dec. 5, mentions that "a conſpiracy has been diſcovered, in conſequence of which 21 perſons have been hanged at Madrid. Count de Tilly is one of thoſe engaged in it. The buſineſs, however, was timely quaſhed." The letter alſo mentions, that "8,000 French, who had approached within 20 leagues of the capital, relying on the ſucceſs of this *negociation* have been cut off. Their intention was to have ſeized on the Junta, and put the Preſident, Florida Blanca, to death. Every exertion is making to fortify Madrid; all claſſes, ladies of the higheſt rank, work on the fortifications."

The accounts reſpecting Spaniſh affairs, recently received, are ſo various and contradictory, that they deſerve but little credit. They all, however, wear a very gloomy aſpect. We have ſeen the *Bulletins* of the French army in Spain, from No. 1, to 13, incluſive. The contents of theſe Bulletins leave no room for doubting the diſaſtrous fate which has befallen the armies of Spain; every where they are vanquiſhed by the victorious legions of France. Theſe Bulletins ſtate, that within thirty days after the opening of the compaign, two armies of the patriots have been totally deſtroyed, viz. that of Palafox, and the army of Caſtanos, the latter conſiſting of 45,000 men—the greater part of their artillery & baggage have fallen into the hands of the French, & the peaſantry already have become ſo hopeleſs of ſucceſs, as to ſhew evident ſigns of a wiſh to withdraw from the conflict. The French ſtate their loſſes to be very trivial. It now appears, that nothing but the interpoſition of a Superior Power can ſave that brave nation from a ſtate of ſubjugation. Moſt of the other powers of Europe, appear to be inactive ſpectators of the cruel and bloody ſcenes which have paſſed in ſuch rapid ſucceſſion ſince the opening of this Great Drama.

P. S. In an extract of a letter from R. S. Hackley, Eſq. dated St. Lucar, Dec. 6, 1808, to a gentleman in New-York, he mentions that "Whilſt writing, I have received a letter from Mr. Erving, informing me of a decided victory obtained by the Spaniſh over the French armies."

"*Camp at Madrid, Dec. 4.*

The town of Madrid has capitulated. Our troops entered it this day at noon."

A letter from Newry, (Ireland,) dated Nov. 20, 1808, mentions, that "If the embargo be continued much longer this country will be ruined; the people here are at preſent driven to deſperation. Tobacco is now ſold here at 4*s.* per pound, and flax that formerly ſold at 7*s.* per ſtone, is now at 30*s.* and no flaxſeed for the enſuing ſpring, ſo that if none arrives from America, the conſequence that will enſue muſt prove fatal, as the people of the north of Ireland depend altogether upon the linen buſineſs."

South-America.——It appears that the Engliſh and Portugueſe Agents at Buenos Ayres, have failed in their miſſion---that Liniers has received extenſive powers from King Joſeph, and has declared his reſolution to remain a faithful ally of France.

Weſt-Indies.——An arrival at New-York from Port-au-Prince, in 21 days, ſtates that a bloody battle had taken place at Cape Nichola Mole, between the armies of Petion and Criſtophe, in which the latter was defeated with great loſs, at leaſt 1,000 being left dead on the field.

A Kington (Jamaica) paper of Jan. 28th. ſtates, that "the London fleet of 200 ſail, had juſt entered Carliſle Bay: they left Portſmouth Dec. 15."

Domeſtic.——On the 1ſt inſt. the Preſident of the U. S. approved and ſigned the "Act to interdict the commercial intercourſe between the United States and Great-Britain and France, and their dependencies; and for other purpoſes."

Prohibitions and interdictions of commercial intercourſe, have of late become the Order of the Day. France by her decrees, captures and condemns all neutrals, to;bound or from her enemy's ports—and England by her orders in councils, ſeized and condemns all that comes within her reach, proceeding to or from France, or any of her allies. The U. States on the other hand, have paſſed an Act, prohibiting all Importation from, or Intercourſe with thoſe nations.—And thus by the careſſes of the Amicable Lion, and the hugs of the Fraternal Bear, America appear to have brought her "*Pigs to a fine market.*"

On the 4th inſt. JAMES MADISON, Eſq. was inaugurated Preſident of the U. States, took the oath of office, & delivered an appropriate ſpeech to both Houſes of Congreſs and a reſpectable and crouded audience.

Congreſs has appropriated one million of dollars for Fortifications, and 450,000 dollars for repairing the Frigates.

Robert Smith late ſecretary of the navy, is appotnted ſecretary of State; Dr. Euſtice of Bolton, it is ſaid will be appointed ſecretary of the navy; and Paul Hamilton of South-Carolina, ſecretary at war.

John Q. Adams miniſter to the court of St. Peterſburg; General Sumpter of S. Carolina, at the Brazils; Mr. Boyle of Maryland, governor of the Illinois territory, and David Holmes of the Miſſiſſippi territory. Ths. Nelſon of York, Commiſſioner of Loans for Virginia.

FOURTH OF MARCH.—This Day was celebrated in this City with the uſual demonſtrations of joy. It was welcomed in with a diſcharge of cannon. At 11 o'clock the military companies repaired to the Capitol Square, and after going through the different military evolutions under the review of his Excellency the Governor, retired to their reſpective places of entertainment.

MARRIAGES.

Married---On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Revd. John D. Blair, Mr. *Aubin Laforeſt to* Mrs. *Jane C. Clarke*, both of this city.

——On the 21ſt ult. Mr. *John Haskins* of Powhatan, to the amiable and much admired Miſs *Salley Wiley*, eldeſt of daughter of John Wiley, Eſq. of Amelia.

DEATHS.

——On Wedneſday laſt, Mrs. *Mary Logan*, the amiable conſort of Mr. Logan, of this city.

——On Thurſday laſt, Mr. *Henry Marks*, an old inhabitant of this place. aged 83 years.

——Yeſterday, Mr. *John Strobia*, of this city.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

In the courſe of my reading to-day, I met with an Ode to Religion, which breathes the very ſpirit of piety as well as poetry; and could not help being ſurpriſed at ſeing written on the ſame page the lines which I ſhall tranſcribe below. It is very ſeldom that I take the liberty of defacing a book by obtruding my opinion on its pages; but as the example was ſet me, I could not forbear ſubjoining an antidote to the poiſon. If you ſhould deem the Deiſt and the Chriſtian worthy your notice, pleaſe to give them both a place in your Miſcellany.

The following are the words with which the Poem on Religion opens.

Religion, heav'n-deſcended maid;
In peerleſs majeſty array'd.
On the ſame page we ſee written.
Religion, foul invented *art!*
Spoiler of the human *heart*,
With gloomy aſpect, canting *grace*,
Snarling hypocritic *face*,
Round whom no ray of truth doth *ſhine*,
Involv'd in ſchemes of dark *deſign*,
While baſeſt knaves, thy tools hold *ſway*,
And ign'rant fools thy pow'r *obey*.
Thou fouleſt ſource of human *woe*,
From thee alone, the witch, do *flow*;
Thou fetters of the free-born *mind*
That unto ſlav'ry damn *mankind*.

ANSWER.

(*Without adopting an expletive, or ſpoiling any of the Geatleman's rhymes.*)

Of feeling void, without the *art*,
To heal the woes that wring the *heart*,
Is he, who deſtitute of *grace*,
Stares meek Religion in the *face*.
She, with mild Charity will *ſhine*
Nor e'er revile thy weak *deſign*;
Or aſk if *knave* or *fool* bear *ſway*,
But ſtill can pity and *obey*,
Her office ſoftens human *woe*.
The tears ſhe dries, that often *flow*
From vice's ſource, which chains the *mind*,
And holds in ſlav'ry *mankind*.

Original Poetry.

THE SHIPWRECK.

A TALE.

One peaceful day in ſummers ſultry reign,
When ſcarce a zephyr whispered through the grove,
Fair Laura ſat reclin'd beſide the main,
Oft ſighing for the abſence of her love.

O'er its meridian height with scorching beam,
Half down the weſtern ſky, the ſun had roll'd,
When o'er the briny, fluctuating ſtream,
Thick mantling clouds a riſing ſtorm foretold.

Hoarſe-murm'ring breezes crept along the deep;
The ſwelling waves began a louder roar;
The boding ſea-fowls ſought the ſhelt'ring ſteep,
Or, harſhly ſcreaming, fled the dark'ning ſhore.

Down from the mountain to the foſt'ring vale,
The wary ſhepherd drove his bleating flock,
And Laura, ſtartled by the ſtrength'ning gale,
Flew to the covert of a neighb'ring rock.

There, on the margin of th' abyſs profound,
Which under liquid Alps now groan'd, did ſhe
(While light'nings flaſh'd, and thunders roll'd around)
Stand trembling for her William, then at ſea.

Nor vain her fears; for, thro' the pelting hail,
And ſtranded by the roaring, ruthleſs blaſt,
She ſaw a wretched, half-diſmantled ſail,
And William floating on a fallen maſt.

Heart-rending horrors half congeal'd her blood,
Still, ſoothing hope ſome conſolation gave,
For, boldly riding on the foaming flood,
He faſt approach'd her hoſpitable cave.

She wav'd her handerchief, and ſhriek'd his name,
But cruel and relentleſs was her fate,—
A burſting billow quench'd his vital flame,
And ſwept him from the buoy that bore his weight.

Diſtraction then uſurp'd her burning brain,
She wrung her lily hands, her treſſes tore,
And, plunging headlong in the raging main,
Soon, like her William, ſank, to riſe no more. S. G.

THE INVITATION.

What noiſe is that diſturbs the midnight hour?
"'Tis pleaſure's votaries returning home.
"The party is broke up, and fated joy,
"Seeks in repoſe recruited appetite."
'Tis well. It pleaſes me. Let dullneſs rail,
Let wiſdom frown and Envy's adders hiſs;
My maxim is "*'Tis wiſdom to be happy.*"
And thinking thus, I'll have *my party* too.
Here Hermes, bear the invitations forth,
And let my cottage be the ſcene of joy.
Nymph of celeſtial birth! Around whoſe bow'r
Eternal bloſſoms ſpring and odours play,
Whoſe voice is melody, whoſe roſy ſmile
Inſpires with health and love. Hygeia, come!
Of every gueſt precedency is thine.
Come then! and lead the ſportive Hours along,
And as their mazy circles thy perform,
With airy ſteps, in gayeſt, looſe attire,
Diffuſe around thy balmy influence.
Next, Friendſhip come! Second to Health alone,
Of all the happy gueſts my wiſhes crave.
To thee we owe our greateſt mental good.
The thrill of ſympathy; the charm that ſooths
Affliction's pang, or doubles every joy.
Come then! And in thy train thoſe worthies bring
With whom I love to paſs the ſocial hour.
With them 'tis ſurely worthy life to live—
Their object mirth, by innocence reſtrained;
Their means the catch, the glee, the jeſt, or pun.
And, as alternate theſe their thoughts employ,
Each eye reſponſive ſpeaks the heart at reſt,
And Care ſkulks off in dudgeon and deſpair.
I, Genius, Wit and Taſte would next invite,
But 'twere in vain. So *coy* thoſe damſels are,
Or, rather, *choice*, they ne'er would ſort with *me*—
But, bleſs me! I forget—They're ſure to come,
For they are all companions of my friends.
I fain would aſk—But may I not preſume—
And ſeek a boon unſuited to my ſtate?
I will adventure—Come then Heav'nly maid!
Come Contemplation! Deign to be a gueſt.
How ſweet with thee to paſs the lonely hour
And drink inſtruction at thy limpid fount!
Sometimes, when vernal blooms perfume the air,
And vocal birds begin their ſtrains of love,
How ſweet! With thee along the falls to ſtray,
To ſcan the various beauties there diſplay'd---
Enchanting ſcenes, which ſometime will inſpire
The Painter's pencil and the Poet's muſe.
How charming too, at even's tranquil hour,
With thee to loiter, on the bank, or bridge,
There, while pale Cynthia ſheds her radiant beam,
And Zephyrs ſport among the river Nymphs,
To cheer the languor of the fervid day.
Haply, to muſe upon ſome fav'rite theme,
Until abſtraction quite ſhuts out the world
And all its motley group of hopes and fears.
"The Party named, ſhould we not name the hour?"
The *hour* Hermes?---Where exiſts the Churl
On ſuch occaſion that would think of *hours?*
No, let us name the *year*---The Current one,
The year of jubilee. Commence the ſcene,
And let its various change exhibit nought
But change of happineſs---*But mark moſt ſpecially,*
Aye, watch, as with that fabled vigilance,
That kept the precious fruit of Heiperus,---
Let nothing enter that may bring remorſe,
The ſmalleſt taint of which would poiſon all. X. X.

The annexed fragment is preſented to our readers with a view to variety. Our poetical BOUQUET *ſhall ſometimes admit of* exotic *bloſſoms.*

Fragment d'un Poeme,

SUR LES PLAISIRS CHAMPETRES.

PAR L. H. G.

Vous, que, dans ces vergers, la nature a fait nâitre,
N'allez jamais, loin d'eux, chercher un nouvel être!
Aimez les bois, les champs, mais aimez les toujours....
Paſſez y du berceau ſous l'aile des amours:
Que l'arbre qui voila vos plaiſirs les plus tendres,
Du deuil de ſes rameaux ombrage encor vos cendres!
Que vous font les cités? l'impoſture de l'art
Y promet la bonheur, et n'en a que le fard.
Connoiſſez votre ſort: voyez l'homme des villes....
Coule-t-il plus que vous des jours purs et tranquilles?
Oh! non....pour être heureux il vient ſouvent chercher
L'humble azyle où le ciel a voulu vous cacher.—
Ces ſpectacles, ces jeux, que le luxe decore
Valent ils ſeulement les clartés de l'aurore?
Le doux émail des prés? Les flottantes moiſſons
Dont la blonde Cerés enrichit vos ſillons?
Les mœurs, ſurtout, les mœurs des paiſibles campagnes,
Les touchantes vertus, les naïves compagnes,
Où les trouver ailleurs? C'eſt chez vous ſeulement
Que l'hymen eſt fidelle, et l'amour innocent.
Sur vos lits de roſeaux, fille de la nature,
La volupté ſourit, plus touchante, plus pure:
Et, le premier des biens, la joyeuſe ſanté,
Imprime ſur vos fronts une douce gâité.

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